
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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Mastery for

Service.



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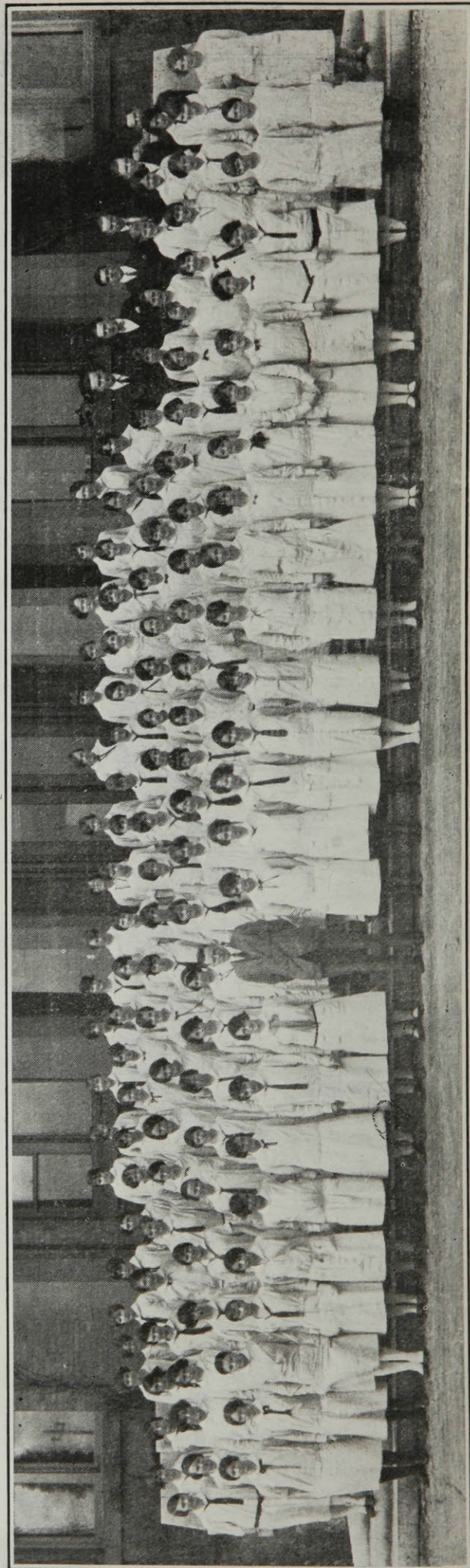
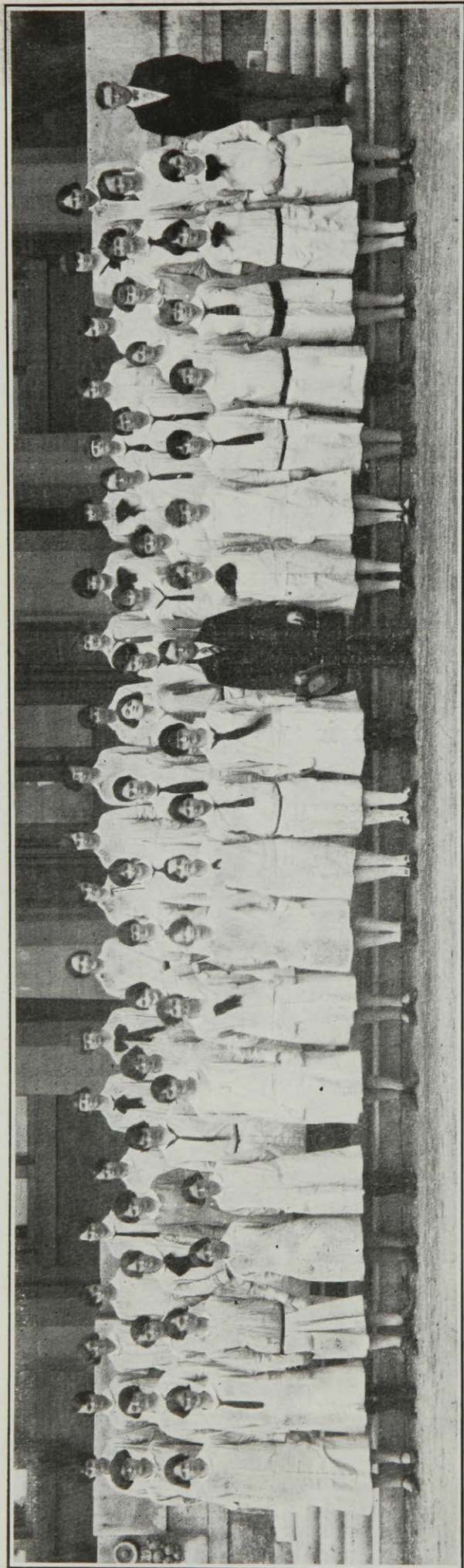
Macdonald College Magazine

Graduation Number

Nineteen Hundred

and

Twenty-Six



Teachers '26

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL XVI

JUNE

No. 4

A Channel Crossing

It was to be a night crossing. The sun was about to set, bathing the harbour and all the shipping in a glorious golden sunlight. The earth seemed to be wrapt in serene silence, and the moon, already high up in the heavens, sheds its silver brilliance upon the harbour, to the accompaniment of innumerable lights around, all reflected in the still water. The ripples breaking the reflections and the gentle lapping of water against the sides of the ships, made the scene an impressive one.

But the boat was soon to part. Passengers were coming on board, porters were shouting, and with the cranes going and the noise of baggage being hoisted on to the vessel, there was a general bustle and stir over that part of the quay. On board, passengers, overladen with hand-baggage of various dimensions were wandering aimlessly about the decks, whilst outside the purser's office there was a tremendous crowd, all equally boxed up with baggage, and scrambling for the "guichet" in order to obtain berths, and deck chairs were provided, which we could place wherever we chose.

Meanwhile, with much whistling and waving of handkerchiefs, the boat left the quay, carrying a merry crowd, holiday bent; merry, even though some of us were not fortunate enough to obtain berths—all

equally filled with the same idea of having a good time. In the bright moonlight we steamed slowly down Southampton Water and, passing the Isle of Wight, we drew near to the open sea.

Clouds arose to the south and a strong wind came up. The sea became quite rough, and quite a few were pessimistic as to the crossing. As we crept into the open channel, the ship was beginning to pitch. I lay down in my deck chair trying to discern the lights on the horizon, and a lady suddenly rushed up to me and thrusting a baby into my arms, yelled hurriedly: "Take it, quick! Quick! I-I'm going to be sick!", whilst she dashed frantically to the side. I've never experienced such a harrowing shock in all my life.

But it soon got colder, the star-spangled sky became banked with clouds. The sea grew rougher, and most of us were wise enough to take refuge from the cold wind and spray in the smoking-room, which was crowded with people on deck-chairs sprawling at full length. Besides, it was midnight, and who wanted to stay up all night?

A storm came on and we were all provided with white tin basins—in case of emergency. They were quickly put to active use, accompanied by the usual unpleasant gurglings of the throat.

After about two hours, I succeeded in getting to sleep—but only to be awakened, within a quarter of an hour, by a woman—I cannot call this one a lady—who deposited herself on my feet, much to my annoyance. In the act of waking up, I gave her a kick, and she tactfully removed herself. But she had spoiled my night's

rest, and after trying unsuccessfully to doze off again, I got up before sunrise to see a dark purple mass—Jersey—on the horizon.

The sun rose, the storm had passed, and after innumerable rocky islets slipped by, the walled town of St. Malo loomed up ahead, like a fairy castle built in the sea

SPRING

Spring! O Spring, you fill me full o'
 Love to dance with some grand Zulu,
 And the sweet breath of this tulip
 Acts upon my brain like a julip,
 Standing 'mong acrowded mass
 With the tulip julip gas
 Reminds me of some fair young lass
 Who prevented me from drinking Bass.

O you breath from San Domingo
 Floating with the fleet Flamingo
 From that shore where sun-grieved gringo
 Drinks his Tingo, O by Jingo!
 Where the fanning zephyr hits you
 Like a Japanese Ju-Jitsu
 Where it gets you, Spring O! Spring O!

By G. R. Mitchell.



The Graduating Classes

AGRICULTURE '26

ROY S. BELL

"Everything comes to him that works."

Arrived—Jan. 24, 1903 at Darmouth, N. S.

Repaired—Halifax Academy.

Overhauled—N.S.A.C. '21-'23..

Renovated—Macdonald '24-'26.

Despatched—Mt. Bruno Country Club.

Hobby—Perennial Borders.

Duties—Hymn No. 99, Dance Bouncer, and Prohibition
Agent.

Ambition—"To see Fate."

Pastime—Writing letters.

Fate—The little red school house.

Option—Horticulture, with a decided lean to landscape
gardening.



LESLIE J. COOKE—"Les"

"No, not a woman hater he".

Born—Arundel, P. Q.

Educated—Arundel High School and Lachute Academy

College Life—For four years Les has realized the worth of recognized sports — his specialties being track, rugby, basketball, indoor baseball and hockey. A star defence on the hockey team during his entire course, champion century sprinter, reliable pinch hitter of college nine and deadly tackle of rugby squad, tell the story of his success as an athlete.

At divers times he has been addressed as Class Secretary Advertising Manager of the Magazine, Convenor of the Dance Committee, and in his Fourth Year as Treasurer of the Students' Council and President of the Men's Residence Committee.

Hobby—Returning on the late train from Montreal.

Fate—Manager of Co-operative Poultry Establishment.





RICHARD F. V. COOPER—"Dick"

"Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up bedtimes."

—Twelfth Night

Dick was born in London, England, year 1904, and came to Canada from Wellington College. A number of activities have benefited by his presence: College Rugby 2 years, Editor Macdonald College Magazine, Executive of the Literary Society, Class Vice-President 2 years.

Option: Plant Pathology.

Fate: Editor of the *Jahrbuch fur Pflanzkrankheiten*.

PAUL A. COSSMANN

Nickname—Known as "Big Joe" by his classmates.

Born—May 5th, 1905 at Lunenburg, N.S.

Educated—Lunenburg Academy, and at the N.S.A.C.

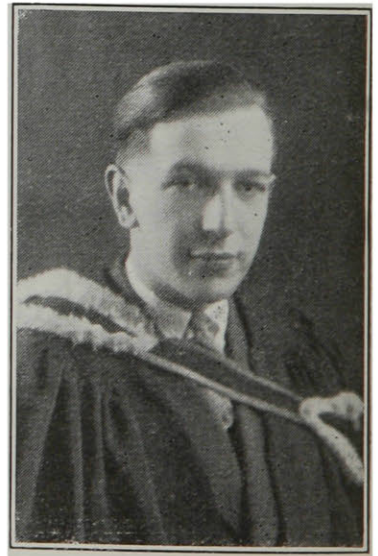
Truro.

Macdonald.

He has taken a very active part in College Life and was one of the stars of the Mac. Indoor Baseball team for 1926.

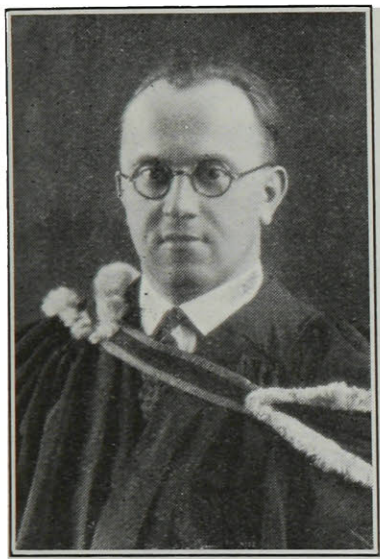
Option—Horticulture, with a distinct liking for Orchard-
ing in which we expect to see him taking Post
Graduate work.

Hobby—Playing the "Sax."



STANLEY WILMOT HETHERINGTON—"Stan"

*"With a heart as big as his body,
And achievements of high degree."*



Started Life—Back in the 19th Century.

Started school—In the 20th century. N.B. and Vermont Normal Schools.

Started Teaching—1914, School Principal 8 years.

Started Mac—1922.

Activities—Class President, 1, 2, 3;; Mgr. Inter-class League, 2, 3; Magazine Board, 2, 3; Rugby Squad, 1; President Social Activities, 2, 3 ; President Students' Council, 4; McGill American Club Ex., 2, 3.

Local Successes—Public Speaking Contest, Governor-General's Medal, Longworth Memorial Prize, Lord Atholstan's Prize in Journalism.

Option—Chemistry and Bacteriology.

Fate—State Inspector of Schools.

WILLIAM LEVINE

"Levy"

Born—Feb. 1903.

Education—Commercial and Technical High School, Montreal.

Macdonald—as a result of a "brain wave" he arrived in Sept. 1922.—Royally welcomed.—

Activities—Class treasurer '22-'26.

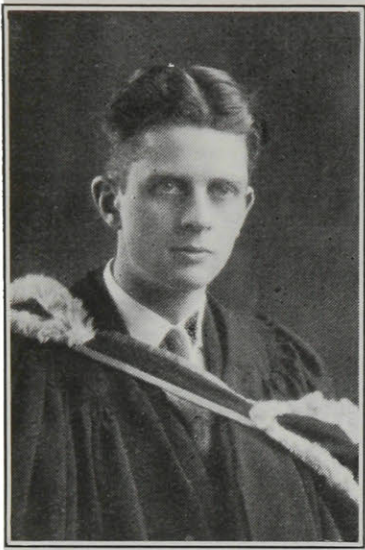
Magazine Board 4th yr.

Treasurer of Social Activities Committee 4th yr.

Hobby—Petting parties.

Option—Selective Poultry.





W. BROOKS HAMILTON—"Codge; Micro-Joe."

"Vous serez au foyer un vieillard accroupi"

—Adapted. Pierre de Ronsard

Born 1902. Brockville Collegiate Institute, Strathcona Academy; McGill Science two years. Entered Soph. year.

Activities: Football Manager two years; Social Activities Committee two years; Business Manager of the Magazine 1925; Treas. House Committee 1924-25.

Hobby: Personal Floriculture.

Favourite Expression: "You big guys:"

Option: Chem. and Bact. Selective.

MARY RUSSELL MACMURRAY—"Chicken"

"Woman, at best's a contradiction still".

Born: Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scot. Education: Ardrossan Academy and West of Scotland Agric. College.

Activities: Capt. Field Hockey Team.

Favourite saying: "Oh, I won't bother".

Ambition: To knit up the ravelled sleeve of care.

Option: Poultry selective.



CHAMPLAIN PERREAULT

*"A man of diligence who strove for fame,
But a woman's hand destroyed his aim."*

Born at Ottawa June 1903. Matriculated at the University of Ottawa, 1920. Educated at Oka Agricultural College 1921-'23 Macdonald 1923-'26.

Activities—Treasurer of the Athletic Association 1924-'26.

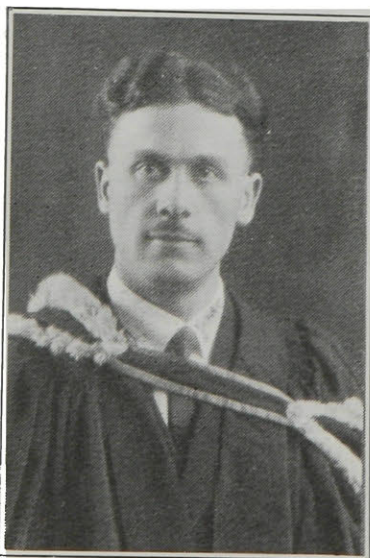
"Lit." executive 4th yr.

College Hockey team 1923-'26.

College Indoor Baseball 1923-'26.

Chief Characteristic—Modesty.

Option—Plant pathology.





MARY GERTRUDE RUSSELL—"Russ"

"Wilful woman will have her way"

Born: Russellville, N. B. Educated: Chatham High School.

Activities: Hockey Team.

Favourite Saying: "Why!!!"

Ambition: The Correct Probable Error.

Option: Agronomy.

STEPHEN WALFORD—"Steve"

"And the President showed good judgment in all things"

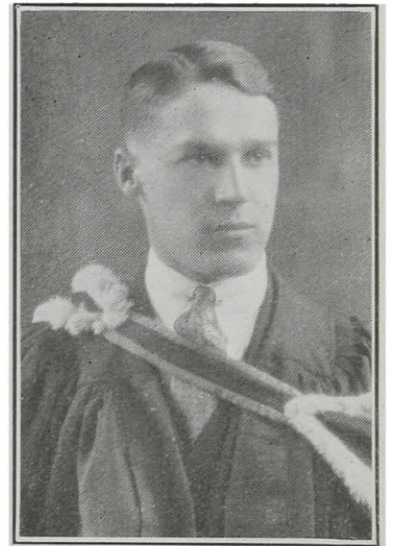
Born 1902, Westmount, P. Q.

Educated—Westhill High School, N. D. G.

College Life—In 1921 Steve was voted the most energetic worker in the Freshman Class. For two years this record was kept up but over-work demanded as its due a holiday during 1923-24. Steve returned in the fall of 1924 as a member of Class '26. An active career in Rugby and Inter-Class Debating plus a course in Journalism on the Magazine Board, was crowned in his Senior Year by his elevation to the presidencies of "The Lit" and of his class.

Favourite Amusements: Strolling, and tooting a horn in the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Option: Selective, with a growing tendency to investigate Connecticut birds.



W. WALLACE WALKER—"Wally"

"There is no true orator who is not a hero"

Born at Quebec City, Oct. 1, 1902. Educated at Pickering College and Hawkesbury High School. Entered Arts, McGill, 1921. Macdonald College 1922.

Activities: Pres. Athletic Association 2 years; McGill Track Team 1924; College Baseball Team 3 years.

Hobby: Smoking Matches.

Favorite Expression: What?

Ambition: To make a million on cackleberries.

Characteristic: Forgetfulness.

Option: Poultry.



DAVID R. WALKER

"Care is the enemy of Life"

Born at Montreal, March 3, 1902. Educated at Macdonald High School. Entered Macdonald College 1922, did enough work to get by the first three years, Charle-toned through the fourth year and graduated in Agriculture.

Activities: Secy.-Tres. Literary and Debating Society 1923 - 25. Advertising Manager, Magazine. College Hockey Team 4 years. College Baseball Team, 1925.

Favourite Pastime: Walking across the campus to see Joe.

Characteristic: Having a "fume" with Joe.

Favourite Expression: "No, I'm too tired".

Ambition: To make "piastres pronto".

Option: Very Selective (Horticulture).



B. H. S.' 26

HELEN M. PARKER

"Alone, alone, all, all alone."

Born London, Ontario. Educated at Brown's School, Toronto and at Westmount High School. Spent two years in Arts, McGill University before coming to Macdonald in Sept. 1924.

Activities: Representative on Students' Council 1924-25; Sec. Dance Committee Spring 1925; Pres. Home Economics Club 1925; Pres. Dance Committee Fall 1925; Manager of the Players 1925-26.

Hobby: Ten Minutes a day.

Favourite Expression: "How lovely".

Pet Aversion: Large classes.



INST. AD. '26.



MARION ELEANOR ALEXANDER

"Discretion is the better part of valor."

First saw the light of day in "Cammulton" otherwise Campbellton, N. B. She was educated at Campbellton Grammar School. Marion came to Mac to learn to use a radiator brush. Won the Fleishmann's Gold Medal for bread-making.

Hobby—Being generous, and cleaning her room twice a day

Ambition—To pack up and go.

Favourite Expression—"I don't give a darn."

Pet Aversion—Chemistry tests.

CARMEL RUTH FOLEY

Nothing less than the capital was important enough as a residence for Carmel. There she obtained her education also, attending the Gloucester Street Convent. Then as a flighty homemaker she came to "Mac" and returned, by we know not what magnetic power, as a junior ad. Carmel's efficient little manner won for her the positions of class president and class representative on the students' council in her junior year. Having proved her ability along such lines Carmel was elected vice-president of the students' council and moreover House President and through all remained popular.

Favourite Saying: "Well . . . but . . . lookout-t-t!"

Hobby: Playing round.

Ambition: To be efficient.





MARJORIE FRASER

"She toils not, neither does she spin, but dances through life with a smile that'll win".

Born at Rosslands, B. C., Oct. 2nd., 1903. Educated at King George High School, and University of British Columbia. Took Junior year at Mac in 1923, and came in 1925 to complete the Home Economics Course.

Favourite Expression: "Hell-un, C'm'ere!" (And Helen comes).

Hobby: Picnics.

Ambition: To see the world.

Pet Aversion: Asking for the front door key.

HELEN MARY HEWAT

"A little pert, glad tripping weight"

Halifax, Nova Scotia, named a holiday to all its citizens when Helen Mary Hewat arrived on her first birthday in that fair city.

Helen grew up and attended the Halifax Ladies' College. She then decided to grace the halls of Macdonald College to take up the work of the senior administration course. We are all very glad Helen has been with us, even the year has been very short, and her merry disposition and ever ready smile will long be remembered by her classmates.

Hobby: Calculating.

Ambition: To keep her room tidy.

Activities: Member house committee second term and played on ground Hockey team.



MARION KATHERYNE LANGE

For variation in our class Marion was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was educated "all over the place" including Mac as a homemaker and later the Administrative course. As a junior Marion led a busy life as manager of the hockey and playing and the first basket ball team to say nothing of her strenuous studies.

True and easy is Marion and always optimistic about everything including the hope of more than the usual one late leave a week.

Favourite Expression: "Shu-ah."

Hobby: Resting.

Ambition: To find a short cut from St. Annes to Montreal.





AURILLIA MAUDE LINDSAY

"Truly conscientious in all things"

Rillia's first appearance was made in Montreal. She received her education at Montreal High School, and later entered "Mac", where she continued to do splendid work.

Her ambition is to get a Ph. D. in Bacteriology

Favourite Pastime: Reminiscing with Bee, old Montreal as she knew it in 1830.

Hobby: "Catching a cow".

Favourite Song: "Tea for Two".

Pet Expression: "She (?) gets me all keyed up".

SARA C. McDERMOT

Otherwise known as Bea

"A winning way, a pleasing smile".

Born in Jamaica, B. W. I., short sojourn there, transferred her smile to Montreal. Educated at Montreal High School and St. Helen's College. Entered Macdonald College 1924 to take a two year course.

Ambition: To get a week-end a week.

Favourite saying: "Frightfully piggish!"

Pet Aversion: Vinegar Jelly.

Hobby: "Lammie" little cookies.

JANIE E. MACGILLIVARY

"My heart's in the Highlands"

Born in Halifax, N. S. Was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and then at Halifax Ladies' College. September 1925 found her at Macdonald College full of surprise, which has not worn off yet. As a result, her favourite expression is: "For Heaven's sake".

Her Hobby: "Just sitting".

Her Ambition: To be a demonstrator in the gentle art of waffle-making.





HELEN I. MACKAY

*"A little work, a little play,
A few love dreams, throughout the day."*

Born Westville, Nova Scotia. Moved to New Glasgow at an early age. Educated New Glasgow High School and Sullins' College, Virginia. Entered "Mac" in 1924 to take the two-year course in Institution Administration.

Hobby: Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal.

Activities: House President; Goal keeper on the Hockey team.

Favourite Saying: "Wha'! What yah say?"

MAUDE B. McLELLAN

*"To those who know thee not no words can paint; and
those who know thee, know all words are faint."*

Born Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia.

Educated: Tatamagouche, High School, Halifax Ladies' College. Came to Mac 1924 for the Institution Administration course.

Hobby—Making cakes.

Ambition—To qualify for a Homemaker.



EDNA GOULD McQUADE

"Continued cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

Saw her first dawn in St. John, N. B. She was educated at St. John's High School and later came to Mac to learn Household Science. Here she was known by her never ending kindness to everyone.

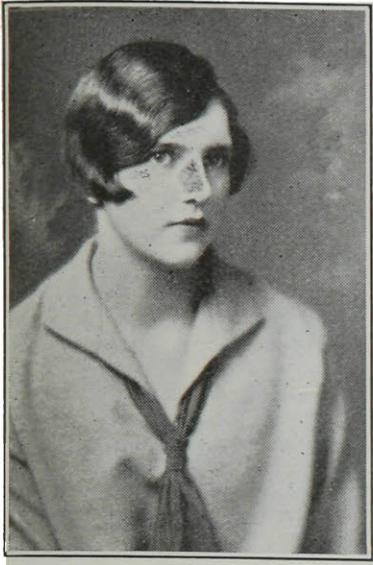
Hobby—Sewing.

Pet Aversion—Variations.

Favourite Expression—"Watch out Peg, here she comes!"

Ambition—To do the Charleston.





MARGARET LOUISE MORLEY—"Peggie"

*"A Maiden blithe and debonair
With shining eyes and light brown hair".*

Born at Ottawa, Ont. Educated at Ottawa Model School and Ottawa Collegiate Institute. Made her appearance at Mac September 1924.

Hobby: Taking late leaves.

Ambition: To go to a June Ball. R. M. C. one of the goals.

Favourite impression: "It's grand and elegant".

Pet aversion: "Superintendents".

FRANCES MUNRO

*"Though college days give memories, give me
the college nights!!!"*

Frances chose Truro, N. S. to start life in, and after going to High School, attended the Provincial Normal School, specializing in Household Science. She eventually came to Macdonald in '24 for various reasons (?) but chiefly to make rolls for functions.

Hobby: Being a good sport and equal to plenty of teasing.

Ambition: To be a *good* wife for some *good* man!

Favourite expression: "Boys! are these fresh eggs?"

DOROTHY REID

*"True and sincere, equal and kind,
Another just like her you'll never find."*

Dot chose to begin her life in Chateauguay Basin, Quebec. Educated at Chateauguay Model School and Westmount High. Her idea in coming to Macdonald in September, 1924, was to learn the art of homemaking but she transferred to the Junior Ads before the year ended.

Favourite Expression: "Leave it to your Auntie".

Hobby: Dispensing food to her less fortunate and hungry classmates.

Ambition: To have a week-end a day.

Pet Aversion: Returning in time for a nine-o'clock on Monday.



MARGARET AMBROSIA O'REILLY—"Pat"



"May the gods forbid that I should advise anyone to follow such a course".

Windsor Mills, Que., now claims "Pat" for its own, nevertheless "Pat" was first noticed in Orono, Maine. She was educated by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and came to Mac to study Home Economics but instead went in *mostly* for laundry and kitchen planning! She holds the money bags (?) of Class '25-'26 and besides, keeps the minutes of our business meetings!

Hobby: Lettuce.

Pet Aversion: Storeroom Duty during exams.

Favourite Saying: "Oh Youho-o-o, is there a phone call for me?"

ELINOR LORRAINE SUTHERLAND

Born in Amherst, N. S. Educated at Cumberland Academy, Amherst, Branksome Hall, Toronto; and Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N. S. Came to "Mac", September 1924. Passed through her Junior year successfully and is now President of the Senior class. In June Elinor goes to the Toronto General for her "Six Months" and after that will be able to step out and take her place in the professional world and just watch her do it!!

Favourite saying: "That makes me sick".

Hobby: "Kicking" for the class.

Ambition: To be a Bacteriologist.



AGNES TRESTON—"Tressie"

*"I would go around the world and
see its store
of wondrous things
Grey towns, white palaces, and thrones
that bore
Rulers and Kings."*

Born in Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, Ireland. Migrated to Canada in 1921 to learn the gentle art of Household management.

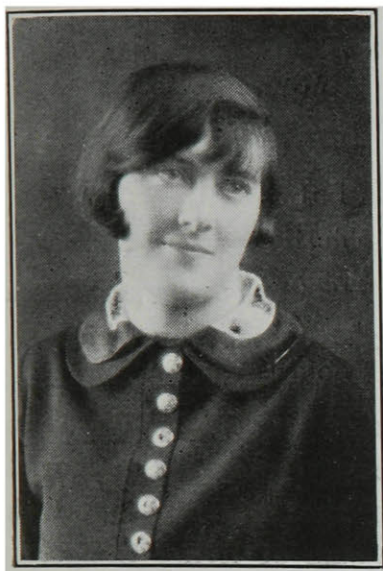
Pet Aversion: Mosquitos.

Favourite Expression: "How utterly absurd!"

Hobby: Reading Poetry in her spare (?) time.

Ambition: To become a criterion of fashion.





GRACE McINTOSH WATSON—"Topsy"

*"To follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the
utmost bound of human thought".*

Grace's first squeal was heard in St. Johns, Nfld. She was educated at Bishop Spenser College where she did excellent work, this she has continued since coming to Mac. Class representative to the Home Economics Club '25-'26.

Favourite Pastime—Counting the days till June the 9th.
Hobby—Writing letters to Nfld.

Favourite Saying—How much did you make in that exam.?



Evolution

By V. DAWSON, Agr. '29.

The ancient biologists as well as those of comparatively recent times were more or less unanimous in their opinion that all the classes of animals as well as all the individual species were descended, in each case, from an ancestral pair of that particular species. This theory was believed by many even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, but Darwin's publication of his "Origin of Species" in 1859 ushered in a newer conception of things; this was the Doctrine of Descent, or Organic Evolution Theory.

In this modern doctrine of evolution the cosmic system is considered as a natural product of elementary matter and its laws. The various grades of life on our planet are the natural consequences of certain physical processes involved in the gradual transformations of the earth. Conscious life is viewed as conditioned by physical (organic and more especially nervous) processes and as evolving itself in close relation with organic evolution. Finally, human development, as exhibited in historical and prehistorical records, is regarded as the highest and most complex result of organic and physical evolution. It is worthy of note that while our modern theory is similar in many respects to the theories of such students as Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Aristotle and Strabo, the Theory of Atomism as propounded by Leucippus and Democritus is most closely correlated to it. In this Atomic Theory we have the basis of the modern mechanical conception of cosmic evolution.

Evolution, or development, is at pres-

ent employed in biology as a general name for the history of the steps by which any living thing has acquired the morphological characters which distinguish it. Thus evolution falls easily into two categories; the evolution of the individual and the evolution of the sum of living things.

The notion that all kinds of animals and plants may have come into existence by the growth and modification of primordial germs is, figuratively speaking, as honored and old as the hills. But the modern scientific view is a result of several converging lines of speculative thought and physical observation, which have all developed since the seventeenth century. Some of these are:—The enunciation by Descartes of the conception that the universe, whether alive or not, is a mechanism and that, as such, it is explicable on physical principles.

The observation of the gradation of structure, from extreme simplicity to very great complexity, presented by living things; and of the relation of these graduated forms to one another.

The observation that large groups of species of widely different habits present the same fundamental plan of structure; and that parts of the same animal or plant, the functions of which are very different, likewise exhibit modifications of a common plan.

The observation of the existence of structures, in a rudimentary and apparently useless condition, in one species of a group, which are fully developed and have definite functions in other species of the same group.

The observation of the effects of the geological succession of forms of life.

These are typical observations which lead to the modern theory of the evolution of the sum of living beings.

In 1858, Charles Darwin and A. R. Wallace published their theory of natural selection. In 1859, the former produced his famous "Origin of Species." The "Theory of Natural Selection," or survival of the fittest, made a profound and immediate impression on the scientific world. It is worthy of note that the pregnant suggestions and theories of two similar biologists, Matthews and Wells, who had worked but a decade or two earlier, and whose general theories were comparable to those of Darwin and Wallace, had been passed by unnoticed. From this, we may infer that the scientific world had progressed considerably. After 1858, the doctrine of evolution assumed such a position of importance as it had never before possessed. Many who had been unwilling to believe the theory on such proofs as had been advanced by the preceding theorists, such as Lamarck, were now practically forced to do so. The principle of selective breeding, pursued in all its applications with marvellous knowledge and skill by Darwin, gave a valid explanation of the occurrence of varieties and races, and they realized that, if the explanation applied to species, then it not only solved the problem of their evolution, but it would also account for the facts of teleology and morphology, and for the persistence of some forms of life unchanged through long epochs of time, while others undergo comparatively rapid metamorphosis. However, it must not be forgotten that Darwin, both in his *Origin of Species* and in all his biological works, confined his attention to the causes which brought about the present condition of living matter, assuming such matter to have once come into existence. In

this respect he differed from the eminent scientists, Spencer and Haeckel, who sought to deal with and prove the whole problem of evolution.

Just how far "natural selection" suffices for the production of species remains to be seen. At any rate, if it is not the whole cause, few can doubt that it is a very important factor in that operation; and that it must play a great part in the sorting out of varieties into those which are transitory and those which are permanent. As a matter of fact, the strongest and most conclusive arguments in favor of evolution are those which are based upon the facts of geographical, taken into conjunction with geological, distribution. Both Darwin and Wallace lay great stress on the close relation which obtains between the existing forms of life found on any region and that of the immediately antecedent geological epoch in the same region, and rightly, for it is inconceivable that there should be no genetic connection between the two. If this actually was the case then we must needs believe that all the animals and plants of each geological epoch were annihilated and that a new set of very similar forms were created for the next epoch. This is inconceivable.

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, the doctrine of evolution has made some large strides forward. This has been in a large measure due to the fact that biological writers of recent years have not had to combat the prevailing philosophical theories of evolution or the dogmatic religious beliefs. Philosophers have frankly accepted the new theories and religious traditionists have had to broaden their views a little to conform to the trend of the more scientific minds.

A change has also taken place in the use of the word evolution. Until more precise and proven knowledge had been

placed at the disposal of the biologist, the evolution of the individual remained a somewhat hazy theory. But the amazing progress of such branches of biology as Embryology, Heredity, Variation, and Selection have thrown a great deal of light on the hitherto obscure subject. Under these headings must be sought information in regard to the theory of the relation of the development of the individual to that of the development of the race; the part played by environment on the individual, and the modern developments of the old quarrel between evolution and its opposite, the epigenetic theory.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the publication of an immense number of books on botanical, zoological and geological work has given us yet another bolster for our belief in the theory of evolution. The discovery of a single fossil creature in a geological stratum of the wrong period would have been destructive to the theory; but in the prodigious number of supporting theories and discoveries which have been made, there has not appeared one negative factor. Hence the evolution from their predecessors of the forms of life now existing must be taken as proved. We must notice, though, that while the general course of the trend of life is certain, there is not the same certainty as to the actual individual pedigrees of the existing forms. The older system of trying to find the missing links between the lowest animals of one class and the highest animals of the class lower down the scale, has proved unsatisfactory. Instead of this, it is necessary to trace each separate branch as low down as possible, and then to institute the comparisons between the lowest points which can be thus reached.

Another group of investigations that seems to play an important part in the future development of the theory of evo-

lution relates to the study of bionomics or organic symmetry. So much has this been the case that the celebrated Lamarck attempted to frame a theory of evolution in which the principle of natural selection had no part, the so-called Neo-Lamarckist school of biologists has been particularly active in America. The greatest weakness of this school's belief lies in its interpretation of heredity. The science of biometrics is the name given to the processes by which the school of biometrists are attempting to treat the problem of evolution quantitatively. This school has received considerable reinforcement from the side of physical science and insists on quantitative measurements of the glibly and commonly used biological terms. Thus if an anatomist stated that one race was characterized by round heads and another by long heads, the biometricist demands to know numbers and percentages. This school may quite easily gain in importance during future years.

While almost every branch of zoology has contributed to the present theory of evolution, the special importance of the facts and theories associated with the name of Mendel, Weismann and De Vries should be noted. Their theories are discussed under the name of Heredity, Mendelism and Variation and Selection. These theories, promulgated many years ago, have met with great attention during recent years due to the new series of facts and new methods of observation. It is noticeable what a large number of schools or sects there are in the biological, or any other scientific field. The time, however, has not yet come for the attempt to synthesize the results of the many different, and often, apparently antagonistic groups of workers. The great work that is going on is the simplification of the facts to be explained by grouping them under empirical laws, and

the most generalizing statement which equal or comparable with the principle
can yet be made is that no one of these of natural selection as expounded by
laws has yet shown signs of taking rank Charles Darwin.

Xmas Eve Ghosts

B. G. MONTSERIN

'Twas Xmas eve, the moon shone bright,
Pavements and roofs were clad in white,
When Peter King and Teddy Frend
Their homeward way began to wend.

As was the custom of that time,
To say the least it sounds sublime,
People often would unweave
Their ghastly tales on Xmas eve.

So Pete and Ted together went
And more than half an hour spent
Chatting gaily, between the twain
Until they met a shaded lane.

Their conversation turned to ghosts
And Peter full of idle boasts
"I'm not," cried he, "afraid of spooks
They're never found except in books.

"Don't be too sure of that" urged Ted.
"But recently a man fell dead
While walking a narrow lane at night"
And doctors said he died from fright."

"Ha! Ha!" cried Pete, "a fancy yarn
To keep the wee ones from the barn
But I am brave, and tell it thee
That no much yarn could frighten me."



Spring Short Course

The members of the Short Course held at Mac during the Spring of 1926, were an exceptional lot in more ways than one! There were only seven of us, and though such a small number, we feel we must admit that the work we accomplished during those "never-to-be-forgotten" twelve weeks was of great merit, not only to ourselves, but to Mac! The following is a short synopsis of the snickering sinful seven, short science students:

Frances Campbell, or "Frankie" as she is known to her playmates, was the pleasant little surprise which arrived in New Richmond, Quebec, some time in the year 1907. She had her knowledge pounded into her in her home-town, and later decided to finish her education with a course in Household Science at Mac. At present, Frankie's two soles have but a single thought—to master the Charleston; however, after she has accomplished this difficult art, she intends to turn her mind

to nursing. Favourite expression: "Let's phone Wright's!"

Joan Hancock, the baby of the class, was born in London, England, received some of her education there, continuing it in Montreal where she arrived in 1919. Although Joan is the youngest of the "Sinful Seven", she does more than her share of the work, especially (please note the word "especially") after cooking class!!! A nervous collapse is expected at any moment, as the result of her hard labours. She craves to be a circus rider, but we have our doubts—most likely she'll turn out to be a farmerette. Favourite expression: "Let's not work too hard to-day".

Betty Morley started life in Ottawa where they tried to educate her but finally decided to send her to Mac. She has improved greatly and has in the meantime developed the ambition to once again have her "Woman's Crown of Glory" which at present is cropped close in the latest



mode of the day. After her career at Mac, we are sure she will devote some of her life to Interior Decorating!! Betty is our class president and we feel very proud of her. Favourite expression: "Tricky, what?"

Gertrude McIntyre chose Whitby, Ontario, for her birth place; later she was educated in St. Joseph's Convent. She has the ambition — and it grows more and more each day — of having tea at the Cottage Tea Room. However we have a feeling that some time in the near future she will be making Cream Puffs and Lady Fingers for a fair man. Favourite expression: "Oh! By Jove!"

Though we hate to admit it, we must confess that *Jean Tatley* was born and brought up in Westmount, Quebec. However, despite this great handicap, she has prospered, and since taking the course in Cookery at Mac, has developed a desire to cook waffles in Child's. If we are any good at reading into the future, however, we prophesy that she will keep a home for Stray Cats. Favourite expression: "Oh! isn't that cute? !"

Dorothy Weir first saw the light of day in Montreal around the year 1904. Since

taking the course in Household Science at Mac things are beginning to look a little brighter for "that certain party", although we are not saying just "who": Dot's ambition is to go automobile driving through St. Anne's with no fear of running across seniors. We are sure she will use the knowledge she obtained in Cookery and care of the house lectures to the best advantage—and in the near future. Favourite expression: "Well old dear — greetings!"

Ann Yeshida, or Babe as she is better known to some, dropped from the blue skies in 1907 and landed in Atlantic City, N. J. She stayed there for a while, then Charlestoned her way to Toronto, where she lived (?) for several years, later coming to Montreal. The past couple of years before coming out here, were spent in Convent, which, no doubt, accounts for her subdued behaviour at Mac. Babe has two ambitions — to be able to dance like Ann Pennington, and to get a clear highway with no speed cops! Judging from recent events, she is well on the way to being President of the House Committee! Favourite expression: "How about it?"



With Apologies To Longfellow

J. W. PERKS, T'rs. 26

1. Within a smoke-infested room,
A Macdonald student sits,
This student, a wonderful thinker is he
With enormous and muscular wits,
And the bumps of knowledge on his
head;
Would drive you into fits.
2. His hair is hoary and hanging down,
His face is like a mask,
His brow is creased with many a frown,
As he settles down to his task.
And he waves away with an angry snarl,
His roommate's proffered flask.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his groans of pain.
You can see his form in the dim, dim
light;
As he struggles and struggles amain,
Like some poor laboring city-bred lad,
Trying to dig a drain.
4. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits with bated breath,
And shivers with fear when the parson
reads,
Of the Hell that is after death,
For he knows that then he'll be shovel-
ling coal,
Instead of reading "Macbeth".
5. Thanks, thanks to thee, thou student
grave,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
I see before me thy haggard face
As I lie here in my cot,
Oh! the knowledge which thou art "salt-
ing down";
Is very dearly bought.

The Second Formal

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men,

A thousand hearts happily; and when
Music arose with it's voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again

And all went merry as a marriage bell."

This might just as well have been written of Macdonald College the night of February the fifth; but "no cannon's opening roar" broke up our party—only the crooning strains of the home waltz.

McGill and Cupid reigned supreme, ushered in by Miss Russell, Leslie Cook and Margaret Lochhead; and guarded over by Lady Currie, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Russell, Mrs. Brunt and Mrs. Bunting. The red and white colour scheme paid allegiance to McGill; red hearts with white frickle frills, Valentine silhouettes

and white streamers all acknowledged Cupid. It looked as though some fairy queen had waved her wand, and every vestige of gymnasium apparatus and dumbbells had disappeared, giving us instead a perfect setting for a college dance. The rosy lights cast a soft glow over the scene, completing the transformation.

By eight o'clock Freddie Gross and his boys were on the platform as peppy as ever, and the party was well started. Everyone looked supremely happy. All lost a week's worry over whether the hair-dresser would arrive or not, was over. Our hopes and expectations were being realized, and I don't think anyone was disappointed.

At the end of each number the dancers surged towards the alcoves and the punch-bowl; there to laugh and gossip until the little bugler called them back for more fun and music.



Junior Ads.

A section of the floor was reserved for the Staff, with comfortable chairs and card tables. We were very pleased to see so many of our professors and their wives, showing us they can take part in our recreations as well as in our work.

At eleven o'clock the party moved "en masse" to the dining hall. More rosy lights and red hearts gave the setting for our chicken patties, cake and ice cream.

The hall resounded with laughter as conversation and humour were tossed from table to table.

After supper we were ready to start dancing all over again. "Too tired?" Not on your life! We were good for hours more. One o'clock came all too soon with its good-nights and good-byes.

The second formal is no longer a reality, but one of our happiest memories.

Great Expectations

D. E. P. Agr.' 27

"Hey!—Hey!—Hey!"

"Eh! Whatcha want?"

"Com'ere Bill and listen to this."

"Allright! What's your hurry?"

"Just listen to this:

"Mr. Josephus Corncracker was haled before the court this morning, charged with violation of the Temperance Act. Evidence produced by Officer Pinchem proved conclusively that the defendant had been engaged in the distilling of whiskey. A sample of the product was produced in court which the jurors declared to be the best they had ever tasted.

Officer Pinchem states that he seized from 15 to 20 gallons, similar to that produced in court.

Jake Boomer, Officer Pinchem's hired man and acting deputy, stated emphatically that they must have seized at least twenty gallons. On being questioned as to how he came by his knowledge Mr. Boomer refused to reply."

Our friends Bill and Rob exchanged knowing glances.

Said Bill, "If Pinchem has that whiskey stored about his place I know where to find it."

"Me too," esays Bill, "His turnip cellar

is the only place of his I haven't been in lately.

The two worthies forthwith put their heads together, two heads being better than one, even if they are both badly cracked, and planned a raid on neighbor Pinchem's property. They decided that the attempt had better be made between two and four o'clock the next morning. That being the time in which all people except those engaged in business similar to theirs—were supposed to be asleep.

So that night at the appointed hour the two met. Bill was "in a sweat," for fear his wife might wake. For, as he expressed it, she would give him, "Hail Columbia," if she caught him. All went well although our worthy friends were literally shaking in their boots as they approached the Pinchem barn. With much stealth they finally reached the barn. Proceeding cautiously to the pitch—dark cellar they searched anxiously for the hidden moonshine. Sure enough! they found in one corner a keg with the unmistakable odour of whiskey about it.

Bill was anxious to test the contents at once. But Rob said that they would never get out of there if they did.

This did not altogether suit Bill; but remembering previous experiences he could see the force of Rob's argument, so consented.

The return trip commenced. Now, any of you who do not think they had their difficulties I advise to secure a forty gallon keg, half fill it with whiskey, or any other suitable liquid, ask your chum to help you, then carry it a mile across country.

Rob slipped into a muddy ditch, which accident cooled his body but had the reverse effect on his temper. Bill left some skin, not to speak of clothing, on a barb wire fence which they had to climb. This experience somewhat frayed his temper and the air was noticeably bluer in that region for several days.

But all trials have an end and as they neared Bill's hayloft they forgot their troubles although Rob declared that the

keg must contain at least forty gallons.

After depositing their burden Bill made a stealthy trip to the kitchen after a couple of mugs, due care being taken not to wake his sleeping spouse. On his return they prepared to enjoy themselves. Rob had had his hand impatiently on the spigot while he waited. They filled their cups and raised them to drink. Suddenly a peculiar expression appeared on Rob's face as he paused, the mug just touching his lips. Bill more hasty had swallowed his before his expression changed from anticipation to utter dejection.

"D—— that Jake Boomer," said Bill savagely, "Now we know how he knew that that there was just twenty gallons."

The contents of the keg which they had so laboriously carried a full mile across country was pure water. As Rob expressed it, "Stuff not fit for any respectable person to drink."



The Elusive Vitamine

During the last decade food specialists have discovered for us a new and enterprising form of food.

Our mothers and grandmothers were content with proteins, fats and carbohydrates, but we, if we would be modern, must have, in addition, vitamins, and vitamins are unfortunately, still new enough and exclusive enough, to be procured only with difficulty.

Our specialists have not only discovered vitamins for us, but have gone so far as to say that unless we have these in our daily diet, in proper and sufficient quantity, we are in grave danger of becoming blind, suffering from scurvy, or

having our bones bend and our teeth fall out, or a host of other dreadful calamities befalling us.

To add to our confusion no substance has been found to contain more than one vitamin—thousands contain none,—and four or possibly five vitamins, have been definitely found to exist, and be necessary for our continued maintenance.

To further aggravate our predicament vitamins remain persistently unknown quantities, and our only means of keeping ourselves alive is by swallowing foods believed to contain them,—hence our newly acquired taste for cod-liver oil, orange juice, milk and green foods.—M.



B.H.S. '27



The Baseball Team.



POST GRADS —
Indoor Champions' 1925-6.



Farm Profits That Are Overlooked

Besides cash, the farm yields another form of income, that does not show on the balance sheet, made up of food, fuel and house rent, says C. B. Sherman in the *American Bankers' Association Journal*. These items represent an appreciable part of the cost of living of the farm family, but because they are difficult to measure in dollars and cents their true value is likely to be unrecognized by farmers.

"Studies of the part the farm contributes to the family living by the United States Department of Agriculture, including more than 7,000 farms well scattered over the United States and representing varying farming conditions, show that the value of the part of the family living obtained from the farm is roughly one-ninth of the farm receipts and one-third of the farm income," this writer says. "In prosperous years of agriculture, the value of the family-living-from-the-farm was only about one-fifth as much as the farm income; but in the years of depression, it was fully one-third as much.

"In the case of the small farm this unledgered income is often as important as the cash income. It is this combination of family home and living that permits a man to continue farming year after year when his money return is small or even takes the form of a deficit. The value of the family-living-from-the-farm varied with different localities from \$200 to \$800. As a general proposition the value of the

family living was more for the large farms than for the small farms. An increase in the size of the family was usually accompanied by an increase in the average value of the family-living-from-the-farm.

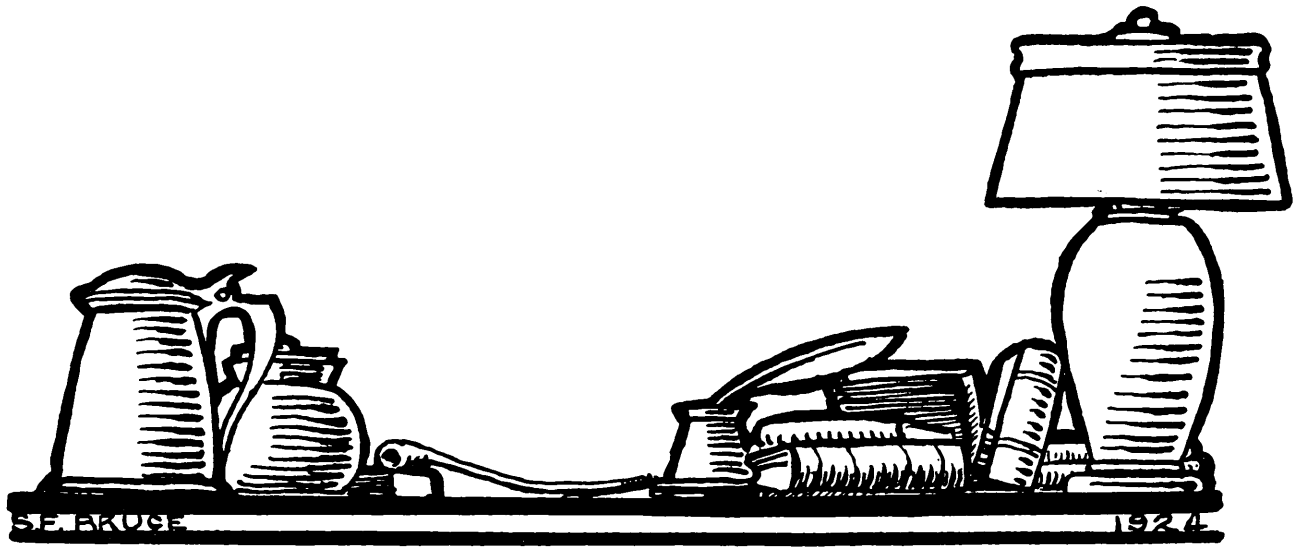
"For all of the farm records included in this study, the value of the family-living-from the farm was approximately one-ninth as much as the farm receipts, with variations from less than one twentieth in a few localities with large farms and large capitalization or with highly specialized types of farming, to more than one-fifth in some localities with small farms and small capitalization or with little specialization as to type of farming.

"More or less farm labor was performed by members of the family, but in no case did the value of the labor equal the value of the family-living-from-the-farm. The farm income plus the unpaid family labor more nearly represents the amount available from the farm business for owner-farmers and their families to spend and to save than does any other income usually discussed. The department terms it the 'family income.' It sometimes represented an increase of 20 per cent or more over the farm income.

"The family-living-from-the-farm is much larger relative to the farm receipts, the farm income, the family income, and the labor income, in years of general depression than in years of prosperity. Therefore, the family-living-from-the-farm

may well be looked upon as a form of insurance, and the Department believes that it is wisdom on the part of all who are in

a position to advise farmers to urge them to produce food supplies for the farm family to the greatest practicable extent."



Under The Desk Lamp

The Editor,

The Macdonald College Magazine,

Dear Sir,

Montreal has been called the Paris of North America and the rocky promontory of Quebec has been compared to that of Gibraltar, surely Macdonald College has earned the title of the Western Venice. Yet is that name adequate? Venice has her canals it is true, as Rome her catacombs, but the possession of a subterranean canal, such as that which connects the Men's with the Main Building, is, I believe, unparalleled.

It is unfortunate that such a unique possession should be neglected. During recent spells of dry weather the tunnel has

been known to run completely dry. If means were taken to prevent the recurrence of this catastrophe, the daily negotiation of the tunnel by the students could overcome on the path to learning and a be made symbolic of the obstacles to be gondola-service might be instituted for the use of the staff and distinguished visitors.

No doubt more brilliant schemes have occurred to others among your readers; my reason for writing is that I may forestall any plans that the authorities may have of draining the tunnel or marring its beauty by laying down duck-boards.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Richard Cooper.



AL

FALFA

SEZ:



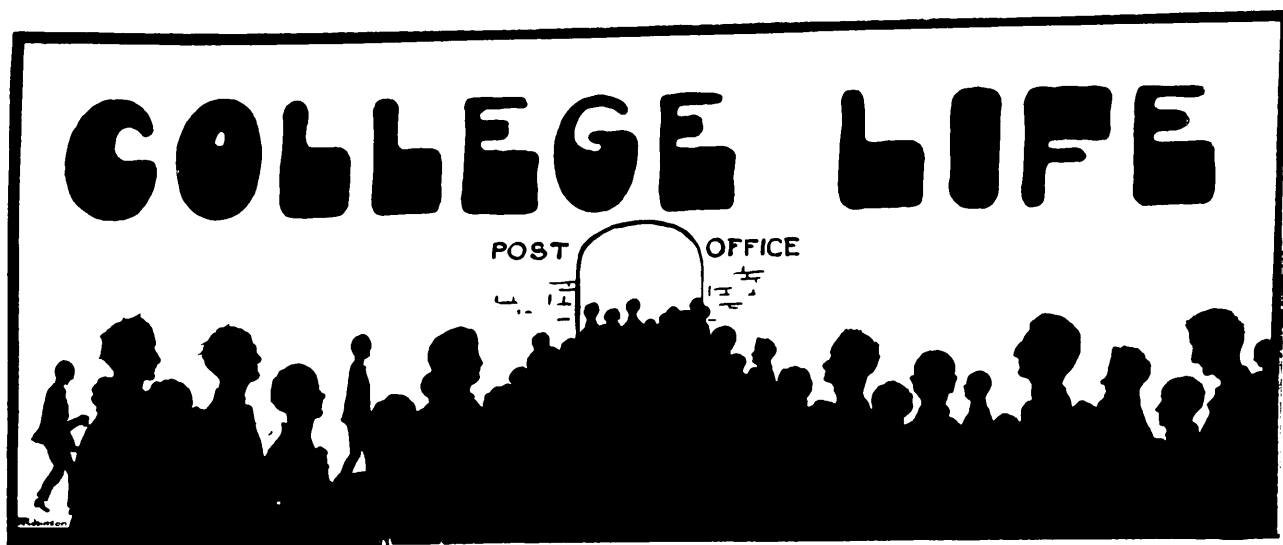
No one can play the same game fer two different clubs in the same league without gettin' disqualified.

Several gals and several fellers likewise has tried to play the double stuff but generally gets put outa the game fore long. One of the gals here wuz boastin to her friends as how she could keep two or the colitch boys busy at one and the same time. Shucks, folks, it don't work. She lost both some weeks ago. Then a bright young feller allows as how he'll love two gals together like. The boob asks them both out at the same time, them bein' kinda neighbourly anyway, but neglects to pay the same attention to both of em. His foolish and sort of self-promotin' style of play landed him a mite heavy in hot water. He lost one and

never had the other crittur anyway at all at all.

But that ain't the only way these here shattered romances comes about. Some frolicksome young colts gits restless and gallops about a spell in forbidden pastures. But shucks' two kin play that — and does. Some tries a new line jist fer the sake of variety, but the change often becomes kinda permanent much agin their own will when they sober up.

Wal, folks, this goldurn carryin' tales has gummed the works oftener that anythin' else I calklate. Some fellers and fillies has a little knack of raisin' a fine crop of 'trouble out of any seed at all. Some folks jist can't keep their tongues hobbled. I opines the gels is as bad as the men folks thetway. It causes a peck of trouble and there ain't no sense to it nohow.



THE PLAYERS

Wurzel-Flummery

If 1924-25 were a Shaw season, the popular playwright of the past season seems, to have been A. A. Milne and it was one of his plays that the committee chose for what proved to be the only full-dress play of the year, given to honor the Farmers' Short Course in February. It would be hard to choose a better play than *Wurzel-Flummery* for such an occasion. Milne may never go very deep, but on the other hand he never goes out of his own (or anybody else's depth.) Furthermore his stage technique is in the best modern tradition and he can rival Wilde in the production of that engaging sort of nonsense which is supposed to be the everyday conversation of the idle rich.

Wurzel-Flummery is really a modern version of the Shakespearian comedies in which everybody turns out to be somebody else. Only in this case everybody happens to be (to all intents and purposes) the

same person. As a more modern Kipling might have put it:

The Colonel's

The Colonel's lady

And Judy O'Grady

Are both equally willing to be called Mrs Wurzel-Flummery

If only you make the offer sufficiently attractive.

* * *

Richard MeritonW. Dendy

Robert CrashawL. A. de Belle

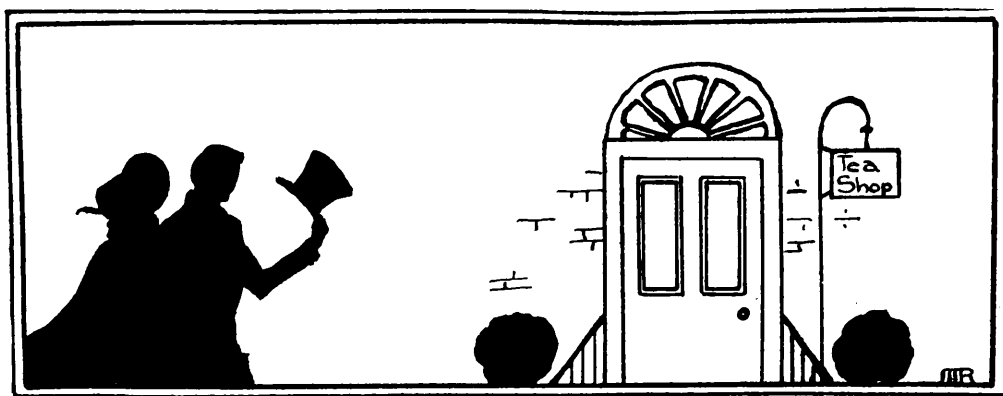
Denis CliftonE. T. Bynoe

Mrs CrashawEmma Odell

Mrs. CrashawIris Nicholls

Miss Odell was delightful as a "yes-dear" wife and Miss Nicholls made a charming daughter. It was a pity that de Belle did not know his part a little better but allowance should be made for the very short time given to rehearsals. One felt, too, that Bynoe never quite felt at home in his rather difficult character, and there is no question that of the men Dendy acquitted himself the best.





Gifts For Women

J. WEST, Agr' 28

Whether it be for Christmas, New Year's, or a Birthday, the choice of a suitable gift for a lady friend always gives me the pip. Women are such unconventional creatures anyway! They have so many pet idiosyncrasies that to anticipate their wishes, one must trust to luck — and the state of their corns. Furthermore, the business of choosing cannot be systematised, since presents do not offer a ready classification. Take the common or garden vanity bag, that indispensable acquisition to feminine respectability. Is it a useful or ornamental object? It is useful since it is used a great deal, and ornementative in that it affords a means of self-adornment. But a vanity bag is out of the question in any case, as the fair lady probably has more than enough of them, and would treat the additional one as an insult to her artistic ability.

One has moreover, to use a vast amount of discretion in choosing a lady's present. I once sent a pair of silk stockings to the sister of a boy friend of mine — with terrible results. I knew the boy all right, but not the sister apparently. Presumably, silk stockings are taboo; at least I have found it safer to work on that basis.

But apart from the general principles which one has to consider, there is the far more harrowing experience of actually

buying gifts. I have unfortunately, no sister who will,—metaphorically speaking,—do the dirty work for me. Hence my misfortunes. Last Christmas I decided to buy my mother a pair of slippers. Being unversed in the ways of shopping, I went to one of the Montreal's largest shops — I mean 'stores' — just when the rush was at its height. It took some considerable courage to enter the shop, as it seemed to overflow with women and more women, with an occasional hen-pecked hubby lagging behind. I got inside at last, after waiting some time for an ample matron to disentangle herself from the swinging doors. As I moved towards the shoe counter, I was met with hostile glances and rude buffetings — since, I was a mere male, was daring to enter within the 'holy of holies' — a women's shop department. My reception at the counter was no more inviting. On mentioning the size of shoe I wanted, the girl who was serving me, gave me a veiled look of suspicion — as though I was more than indiscreet in knowing such an essential detail! But the final blow was yet to come. The price required, produced within me that sinking sensation which denotes a crisis. Yet at length the deed was done, and I escaped into the street with a whole skin and empty purse.

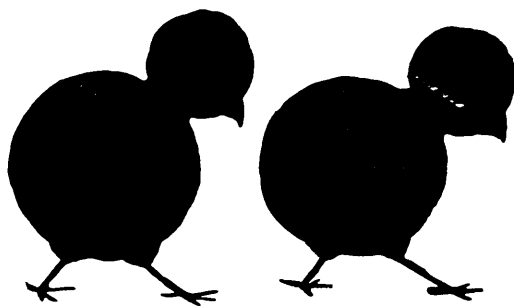
In this case, it was more the purchase than the choice that caused the trouble; but when dealing with the younger representatives of the fair sex, the whole aspect is altered. In my callow innocence I once determined to buy some trifle for a young lady of my acquaintance. I entered a jeweller's shop and found the attendant engrossed in displaying his rings to a newly engaged couple. After some little time, he came over to me, and, without more ado, attempted to sell ME a ring as well! I assured him earnestly that I was far too young for that sort of thing, but that, should I be so unlucky in later life, I would certainly favour him with my patronage. I then explained my need, stating that I required some trifling object as a souvenir gift. And I certainly got it — the trifle costing nearer \$10 than \$5!

I have gained much varied valuable experience in the course of my study of the gentle sex. Amongst other things, I have found that, although the actual giving of

presents may be simple, the results are frequently quite unforeseen. You may suppose yourself to be merely a good friend of a certain young lady, and being generous, you will probably give her a nice but rather too expensive present. The result will be one of two things. Either the young lady thinks you rich but too shy to 'pop the question' (as the vulgar say); in which case, you have a 'breach of promise' case ahead of you. Or she puts the costly object away until you are attracted elsewhere, when it will be produced for purposes of blackmail.

Past experience has taught me one very valuable lesson. In all cases, the donor of costly articles must be both rich and ready to marry, for the dice are loaded—he will invariably end up in the clutches of the donee. As in all things there is a happy medium which will solve this weighty question. It is this:

"Send the girl a card, and keep the change for personal pleasures".



Parting November

Oh, bleak and bare November,
Thy days are nearly o'er;
The earth will soon be clothed
And the cold wild winds will roar!

Yet are we sad to lose thee,
Or glad you linger late,
With thy sad dull dark gray pictures
Waiting mournfully their fate?

Pass on, make room for Winter,
Though the cold sharp blasts do blow;
More joy comes in December,
When the earth's more bright with snow

Arthur N. Snodgrass,
Section C.

Nov. 25th., 1925.

An Autumn Sunset

Have you ever seen the sunset,
In the autumn when it's cold
And instead of red the colour
Is the clearest purest gold?

It seems to gleam in autumn,
With a challenge to be true,
True as the sun God shedding still,
Its rays, though of paler hue.

I wonder why it's red in summer
And in Fall so gold at night
I wonder if it's just because
God's blowing out the light?

Hope MacLagan-B..

An Incident From The Life of A "Regular Fellow"

P. W. E. FERNAU, Agr' 28

One bright day in August and in the South of France, in the presence of those austere Pyrenees, with heat peculiarly spiflicating, a party of enthusiastic cyclists set forth on their grids to determine possibilities in the environs of a certain city—at one time the container of a king, Henry the Fourth of France—which happened at this time to be asleep.

Two male members of this evenly mixed expeditionary force of six, had been performing a perambulation in the above city in the search of bread with which to make a picnic at the hitherto undecided destination. The failure to arouse the interest of any one "boulangerie" brought these two blokes (quite fed up) back to the promoters (in this case female), to expound the theory that dynamite would do not a little in brightening up the town. Whereupon, bad looks were exchanged, and the luckless fellows were nearly blown sky high for not having decided on a destination. The younger put forward the suggestion that such and such a road should be pursued until a "cul de sac" was reached; this caused further animation, and multitudinous questions were asked of the little chap, how the party would get there.

When argument was at fever heat however, a move was suggested by the wee fellow and three cheers all round made it a decision.

The party set off in more or less good temper, led by the ubiquitous, omnipresent "younger male" until the southern outskirts of the town had been reached over a road of small undulations and with "beaucoup de poussière." At this point a stop was called, leading to further ar-

gument resulting in a back pedalling retreat along the same road. Well—meaning but tactless calls of love were passed to each other, such as "don't get your wheel caught in the street-car lines;" and "Ring your bell more often or you'll get knocked over" until a road so smooth, it had probably been built under the supervision of Mr. Macadam himself, was reached. This road ran west, and more likely to more heavenly spots, and, strange, though true, it was wide and without a bend.

This perfectness of road brought higher feeling of brotherly love to the hearts of the good specialists. On this account the eldest male therefore started racing the younger, who perceiving in himself a lack of breath heard the sprocket chain give a decided crack. He without delay dismounted, uttering a yell to the effect that engine trouble was on hand. A terse glance put things right, and though the race was discontinued, riding to that un-found beauty spot was resumed.

The road went under the wheels at a merry speed only to be outdone by the rate at which the wheels were going over the road. Fields of ripening corn and an occasional "café" passing by, the scenery was broken only by the odd plot of vines and fields of gentle verdure.

At last the long sought village was found and an extremely doubtful "café" located. No pillars for Samsonic strength, no labyrinthine halls, no gushing fountains of liquid iridescence, no chubby-faced hall porters with palms outstretched through habit, to greet six weary travellers who had performed a

distance of one whole and half league in search of adventure.

An old hag stricken with apparent poverty however prepared a meal worthy to a far greater extent than many "chefs"—and in less time. The menu consisted of home-made sausage (not hot dogs) more as a "hors-d'oeuvres"; an omelette cooked as only a Frenchman can do, salad—"très bonne," and coffee with free water. The bill, of moderate rate, was paid and an onward push was decided upon.

These extraordinary, enthusiastic excursionists then went up hill and down dale until they came to a little portion of land about one mile long which had to

be traversed in cross-country style; each member decided that stones were hard work to push a wheel across and so one of the females became quite annoyed. Her agitation in fact ended in the natty pick-up of a nail in the rubber tubing circumventing the foremost wheel of the machine, causing utter deflation.

Ten minutes hard labour was the sentence for the three males in a successful attempt to cause further deflation superfluous.

By dint of hard pedalling the expedition reached a fine climax in an overwhelming welcome from the town of its origin (at last awake) where time proclaimed that tea or "goiter" was at hand—that representing cup o' tea.



Some Girls I Have Known

BY MAC THE P. G.

Girls, I have found, have been a thorn in the side of the young man, from the cradle to the grave, ever since Adam made his first mistake and took a bit of the Forbidden Fruit. What can cause more worry to the young man, especially one who is bashful, than to be suddenly placed into the society of enterprising and quite dauntless young females; or, who can cause more worry to the older man than to be a "So's your old man" to that same lot of "feet that rock the cradle". By a study of a great number of the specimens available, we have found that the average girl is just the same in character at the time when she is six to ten years old, as after she is married. As the Romans say "Nicht Wahr?"

We have been subject to the tyranny of the female of the species *Homo sapiens* ever since we were pups, and believe us, it was some tyranny. We still wonder how we managed to survive the numerous ordeals to which we were exposed to, and to which, by the way, we are still exposed. By so proclaiming our troubles we are doing so at the request of the rest of Man, for we males are all in the same boat, either black or white, yellow or red, tanned or rouged.

Our first love affair took place when we were very young, and rather foolish. People notice that we have practically managed to get over the first disability, but the latter sticks closer than a mustard plaster. As we were saying, we were very young, and so when one day your adoring

Maters were discussing the topics of the day, rather flavoured with tea, etc., we were asked to content ourselves with two so-called "Allday Suckers". As it happened, she being the more voracious, finished hers some hours before I did, and being a gentleman even in that distant day, I courteously offered her some of mine. She thanked me with several well chosen words such as "Goo nith, ittle boy" or words to that effect, but as I still retained possession of the valued article, not wishing to give it all up even for her sake, for even then I believed that charity, began at home, she soon began to protest, mildly, at first, vociferously later, saying that she was quite strong enough to stand up to her rights and was going to vote when she was able to walk. But, I still persisting to rasp the Sweet, under the impression that possession was really nine points of the law, brought her wrath upon my head, and so the darn thing bit me in the hand, — the lady, not the Sucker, of course, — and the fight was on. Our mamas appeared on the scene; but queerly enough the lady began to weep first, thereby creating an impression that I had ill-treated her in some fashion. I will not tell you what followed, but I learnt that if you weep first you will usually get the first sympathy, and then perhaps you will have a chance to get away before the mistake is found out.

The next curious case of love at first sight came to me when I had just began to go to High School, being at the time at the mature age of twelve years. What

a life. I remember that the lady in question used to sit in front of me and that I used to drop divers articles down the back of her dress. She had the most wonderful array of freckles that I had ever seen on a living female, and I distinctly remember that she possessed only a single dimple, that being about two inches below her left eye, evidently caused by a bite or something. Nevertheless she knew her stuff for I managed to be able to copy most of my homework from her. We were both invited to a party once, and as luck would have it we were placed next to each other at the same table. What a charm she had for me; and how affectionately I dropped a spider in her ankle under the table. She was wonderful, cream puff, while she politely kicked my ankle but she had no sympathy for my dog Jeremiah when he had the mange and his hair was all coming out so I left her.

After this, old Dan Cupid shot so many arrows into my system that I should have looked like a pin cushion, figuratively speaking, of course. No great harm was done to me but every time Dan scored another hit it meant that some other unfortunate girl was being plagued by my attentions. I am sure that my poetic instincts must have been tremendously well developed in that time, even if they were a bit muddled. I can remember when I compared my adored one to such romantic things as willows, trees at sunset, windmills, and a whole lot of other fancy machinery, but worse luck my poetic efforts were not accepted with any great pleasure by my beloved. In fact once the fair damsel's Papa sincerely promised to break my neck if I ever again rode on their buggy.

I started to tell you about girls which I have known, but I am afraid that I have been wandering from the subject. Day dreams no doubt, but it is pleasant

to remember how foolish one could get in those days and get away with it. Well, another of these High School girls, the second one, I think, was rather nice. She could do very nearly everything, even to the turning of Cart-wheels, which accomplishment I still consider somewhat unlady-like. She was a Tomboy, nice to know, but one who could lick a fellow with a couple of glances and a pronounced gesture of the tongue, even at ten paces. When in good humour, which was almost always, she spent her time trying to scout out boys and girls who had something edible in the way of candy, and then after a short pursuit, she usually managed to persuade them, by force, that she had as much right to it as they did.

One day I managed to get some soft center chocolates belonging to my partially engaged cousin, and extracting the center we replaced it with Cayenne pepper. We took these delicate morsels to our victim, and at an appropriate moment administered them. The fire department was busy all day. So that was that.

My next victim was of a different type. Dark hair, dark eyes, at least I can swear that one of them was, clinging-vine manner, and the most convincing voice on earth. She was a new girl in the town, and so I had not any ample opportunity to study her in her early environment. We spent a very pleasant summer together at school, I doing most of her work while she praised my artistic style of writing, and my cleverness at solving some of the terribly difficult problems about carpeting rooms and papering walls, at the same time filling one cheek with my gum drops. She was very nice to me until the holidays came, when we found that she managed to get the highest grade in the class while I who had done practically all the work barely got through. To top that, a shieky young

chap with a car came into town, and soon I was a back number on her calling list.

Cupid handed me another slam in my first year at college. New, and very raw to college ways, I was very susceptible to co-eds. She was a wonder, very dark, fluffy hair, a low voice, in other words, she had me knocked for a row. But, as luck would have it, was so bashful that I could not say a thing but numble a few words every now and then. She was mine, and yet I lost her, for a Sophomore by a few subtle words managed to persuade me that Sophs had more right to girls than Freshies did. Hence she was gone. I swore off and at girls for the next two years.

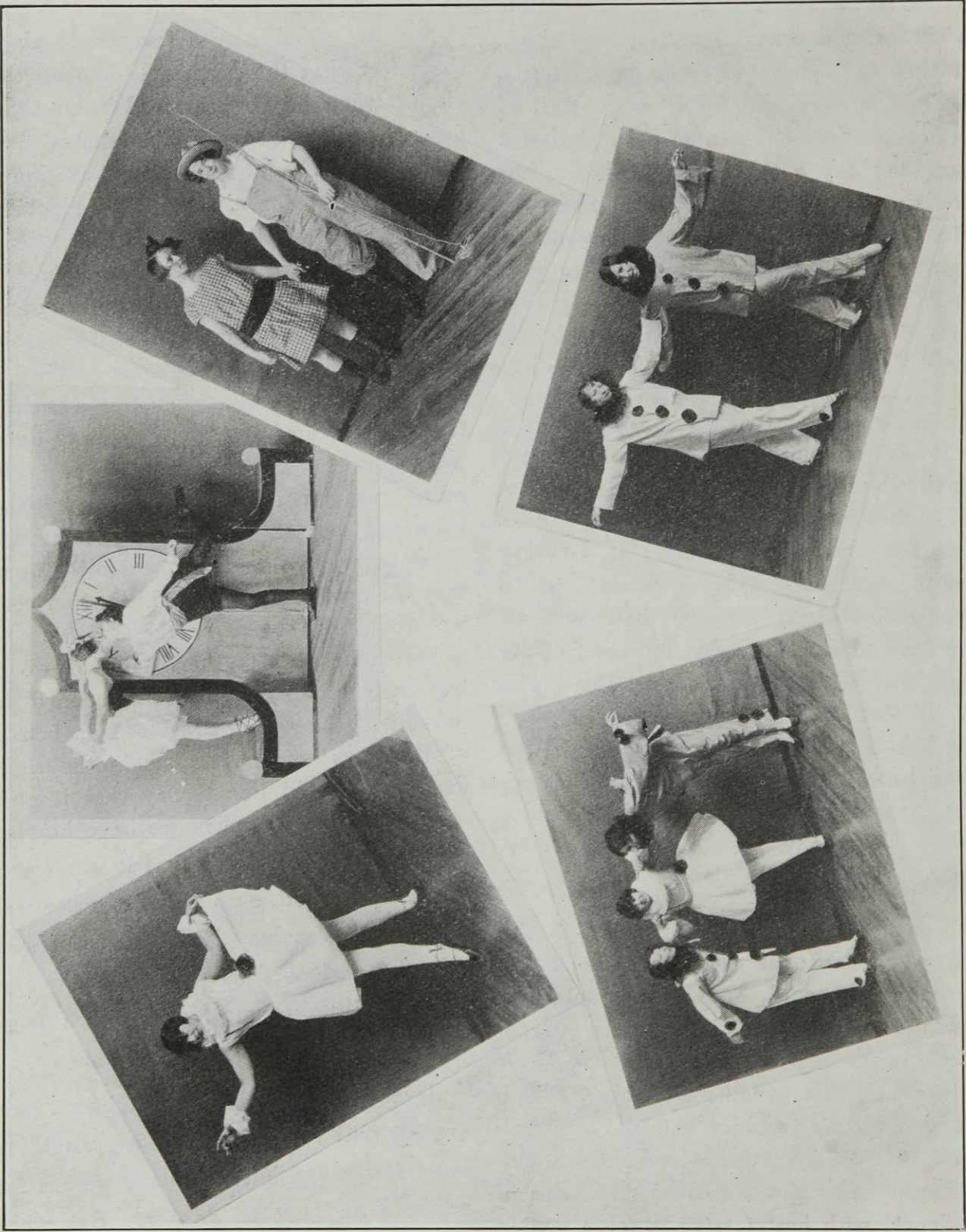
It was not until my senior year that I finally was persuaded that girls are not altogether useless in the world. Up to that time they were found to be very useful sometimes when a party was in progress, that is someone had to pour the tea and pass the cake, but most of my time was spent in discussing the topics of the day with some old proof, or playing bridge with him and his wife, and the chaperone. Of course the parties were not enjoyed in any way, but what could a fellow do who was so soured on femininity as I was at the time.

Yet one day another girl came to the party, perhaps she could not dance, or perhaps she could, anyway she said she did not at the time, who often would speak to me in a friendly fashion, and so before half the evening was over I had told her all my troubles and all my prospects, in fact everything that she wanted to know. Then she suggested that I learn to dance, with her. I tried it for a while, but it struck me as strange that I stepped on her foot at least six times in a row before she felt it necessary to retaliate. But towards the end of the evening I

overheard her saying something to her partner about her last dancer, who was I as it happened, and how tremendously dumb he was. Hence we thought, "Heraus da Mit." We left.

Now we should say a few words about the effect that the Mac girls had on this victim when he first arrived from those deserts spoken above. Was there ever such a wonderful collection as here? Would it last for always. We mentally surveyed the crowd and found that at least 14 had black hair, 126 had brown hair, 8 had red or what is politely spoken of as auburn hair, and about 56 could not be placed in any definite category. Then it was also found by exhaustive research that 221 pairs of eyes were green, 3 pairs were black, 17 pairs were brown, 10 pairs were blue, and a few other pairs were red, but we found that it was due to nothing but a cold. It was also found that all eyes were matched. Furthermore we would like to draw the attention of some of the girls to their habit of wearing each others often been engaged in pursuit of the wrong dresses. On behalf of the boys who have girls in the right dress, we would like to say that it goes very hard with us when we have hurried the odd mile and found that it was someone else after all, even if the exterior was all there. You may have wondered why some of us looked so perpetually weary, and unwilling to move the extra step. Well! there is the reason.

Referring to our original subject, perhaps it will not be wise to say anything for a few years, but wait until we are far removed and out of danger. But when we do say it, we shall hope to say that Mac was a paradise for boys who could not simply get on with girls before. We know.



At The Girl's Gym Demonstration.

The Futility of Life

By CYNICUS

What is this life of ours that we should prize it so highly? Merely a brief and wearisome function of people who, in the first place, had no say in the matter of coming here, and in the second, are morally forbidden to take the departing-from-hence into their own hands. How well did the immortal Shakespeare's or Bacon's, if you will, Macbeth assess a true value to life when he compared it to a "brief candle". What is life more than a fitfully-flickering, feeble candle whose flame fails to dispel the ever-present murkiness, and whose sooty smoke obscures all the beauty which we feel lies beyond the mysterious gateway of death?

Looking around us on every side what do we see? Merciless, grasping commercialism ruthlessly sweeping everything into its insatiable maw. Millions of human animals, who have not yet learned the art of living, but only the methods of existing. Sordidity, squalor and a constant struggle between the forces of evil and good, with evil only too often triumphant. Cheap, garish and tinsel pleasures and an appalling lack of all that tends towards evolution in the only true direction. A continuous and bitter feud between monarchy and bolshevism, capitalist and socialist, with its attendant suffering and misery. Truly a glorious outlook in the year of grace nineteen twenty-six!

Even the very keystones of our social life, religion and the church, are tottering. It is being more and more gravely debated everywhere whether ecclesiasticism is a necessity to modern life or Christianity, and advanced thought is so prevalent among the clergy that they no longer trouble to conceal from the world at large their own disbelief in the creeds as an expression of truth. Enlightened men are to be found everywhere who have disconnected themselves from the church, and many of our most eminent thinkers in every line are professed agnostics, if not atheists.

Modern life has undermined the foundations of morality and manliness by giving rise to effeminacy, luxury and vice. The apparent improvements in society are only in external matters and have been purchased by an inversely proportional degenerate spirit. It is a time-worn quotation that we never get something for nothing on this earth, but what a price we have paid for our greatly-boasted progress.

Ah, Keats! I, too, have "grown weary of the fever and the fret" and would leave in my wake this grey, cold earth to face life's greatest adventure—death—and joyfully voyage into the hereafter. Should'st thou come to me tonight, oh, welcome reaper, I trow should'st find me eager!



A Miniature

It was, if I remember correctly, our third meeting. We had never been the best of friends, but, on the other hand we had never been bitter enemies. I went up to her office on the third floor of the Brock building in a rather despondent frame of mind—the result of a bleak, cold boisterous afternoon. I am always remotely affected by the weather. Most of us are, but few of us care to acknowledge it.

We settled down to business immediately. As we talked I noticed that her sparse grey hair was greyer, her blouse dirtier, her manner more apologetic than of old. I noticed these things in the same way as one notes the dust on a mantel-piece or the poorness of a carbon copy. Her starved emaciated appearance was exaggerated by a bronchial catarrh which she told me she had acquired at the meeting of Women's Auxiliary Guild. She was a public stenographer.

My interview called for an hour and a half of careful copying at so many cents per page.

"Click — click — click — clickety — click — click," snapped the typewriter.

Neither of us spoke a word. She hammered with the regularity of a metal

machine driven by voiceless electricity. I smoked innumerable cigarettes. Once towards the close, she paused and turned towards me.

"Would you like a coma or semi-colon after 'can't'?"

"I guess that's up to you," I said colourlessly. I was thinking of the day, the falling leaves, the bleak, cold, boisterous wind — of death.

Before I left with my MS. tucked neatly in an envelope Miss Brice turned her moist, grey, questioning eyes towards me — eyes that flickered nervously about the lids.

"Do you remember my sister Mr. Bell?" she asked oddly.

Yes, I remembered her,—stout, talkative and unobtrusive; fond of vague psychological terms and newspaper cant which she could talk about for two hours and still scrape up enough for two more. In an odd peculiar way they were intensely fond of each other. Really fond . . .

Miss Brice paused and took out a photograph.

"That is all I have of her now," she said thoughtfully. "Letty was drowned yesterday."

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ATTEMPT TO SUPPLEMENT THEIR DIET FROM NATURE'S GARDEN

DON'T—mistake flies in rice for raisins. bracken shoots because the Japanese do. What suits the hardy races of the extreme East, may not suit you.

DON'T—eat boiled rhubarb leaves. This practice caused a large number of deaths during the war.

DON'T—cook young nettles as a substitute for spinach. Its a stringy one.

ALL Mushrooms and toadstools are dangerous if they are not eaten fresh, therefore reject all botnists' specimens.

N. B. *Mice* in honey should be imported from China, not prepared at home.

—Week-End Box.

The Touch of A Healer

I often think God is nearer away out in the country where there are no tall houses to shut out the sky, and no hard sidewalks to bruise people's feet, just soft green grass to walk on and shady trees to rest under.

I'll just tell you why I think so.

It happened quite a whole year ago in that dear little home of ours in the very heart of the woods. I remember sitting by the window one dull afternoon in April and wishing that my little brother — we called him Buster — were well enough to be up and play.

He had been very ill and had taken what Mother called "a turn for the worse". He just lay on his back and stared at the ceiling, nor moved nor spoke all day.

We were far from a doctor but Father had gone out to the stable to hitch up Jess, the gray mare, and drive to the nearest town. It would take hours.

I sat and watched the sky. I knew that a storm was coming up for the air was oppressive and humid and the poplar leaves were quivering in the stillness. The black clouds seemed to scowl at me over the tree tops with dark, forbidding faces. The leaves and grass were yellow in the dim light.

The thunder rumbled and growled afar off and the sky grew still darker.

Father entered and came to stand by my chair at the window. In the dim light I saw the whiteness of his face.

"Where is Mother?" I whispered. "With Buster", he said and seemed to choke. Suddenly I knew why. He could

not go for the doctor in a storm like that. He must wait until it slackened and perhaps it was Buster's last chance.

Without, the raindrops began to fall, lightly at first then increasing suddenly till they fell thick and fast. The lightning flashes appeared like the parry and thrust of sword play through the heart of the turbulent storm.

Father stood like stone. I was frightened and clung to him desperately.

Then through the darkness smote a sudden sound. A knocking at the door.

I saw my father start. He moved toward the table in the centre of the room but I would not let him go.

"It's all right, sweetheart," he said disengaging my clinging hands, "I'm just going to light the lamp."

His voice soothed me. I let him go. Lamp in hand he opened the door. The lamp went out in a flicker of wind that rose as he did so.

I screamed, but the next moment I was ashamed of myself for Father had lifted in through the door a very old lady. She was stooped and her clothes were wet and draggled, but with her came a sense of peace. It emanated through the room. I remember Mother opening her old hope chest once and the scent of violets stole through the room just like that.

Father relit the lamp and we saw the little old lady clearly. She was certainly very old and very frail with features like the face on Mother's cameo ring, and a smile that was sweeter than any I have ever seen. I wanted to touch her and wondered if she would crumble if I did.

Mother came in slowly, her feet dragging. When the little old lady looked at her, the worry left Mother's face and she straightened up. In a moment she looked as she had before Buster was so ill. It was as if the calm that rested on Father and I fell on her too.

Mother wanted to take the little old lady to change her clothes but she only smiled and stepped in front of the fireplace. Father lit it for her and then Mother put her hand on her gently.

She did not crumble.

But Mother's eyes grew wide. The little old lady's clothes were dry already. She stood there smiling at us and I felt that I wanted to tell her about Buster. I could see that Mother and Father too wanted to tell her.

So Mother began and told her and through it all she only stood and smiled.

Mother sobbed then — "You cannot

know what it is to have a little son. Oh, you cannot!"

In the little old lady's eyes were no tears but they were so dark and filled with anguish that I cried out — but she never spoke.

Then came a little moan from upstairs. Mother ran up and Father and the little old Lady and I followed. Buster was just the same. He lay quite still and the little old lady moved over beside him, ever so softly and laid her hand on his forehead. The flush left his cheeks and he began to breathe evenly. Startled we looked at her who had wrought this miracle but she only smiled that same sweet smile.

Mother put her in the spare room for the night and then we all retired.

The next morning was bright and sunshiny. The rain lay in pools in the yard. I went downstairs to breakfast.

Father was sitting before the fire with



Girls' Baseball Team.

Buster on his knee and Buster was just the same as before he had been ill. He laughed and stretched out his fat hands to me.

Father looked up as Mother came in. "Is she coming down now", he started to ask but stopped when he saw her eyes.

"She is gone!"

"Gone", echoed Father, "when?"

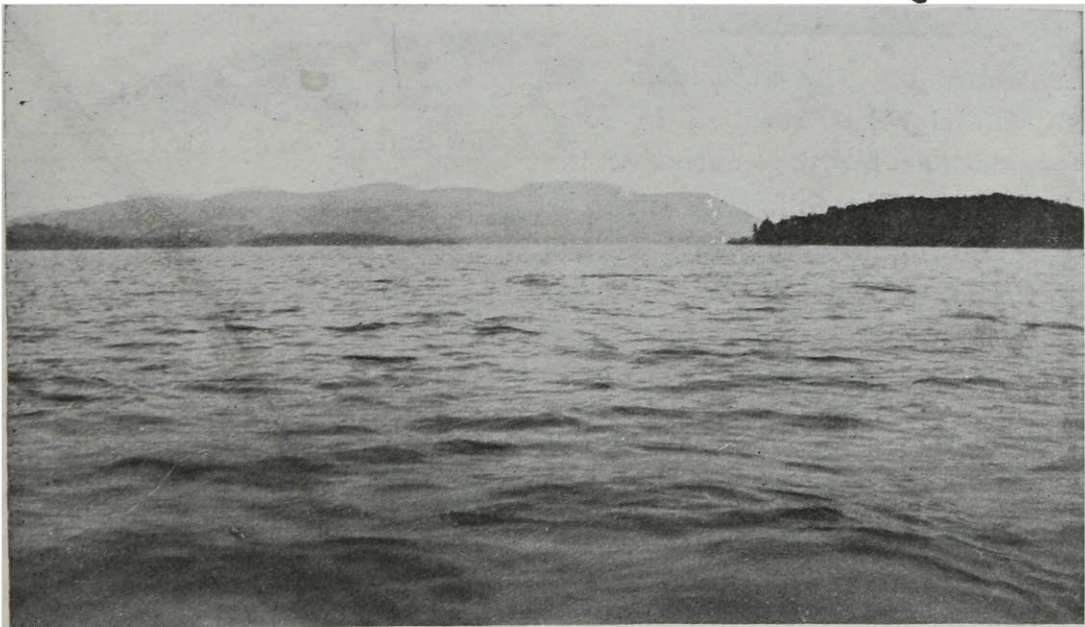
I stood wide eyed.

"There was not even the impress of her body on the bed", said Mother.

I saw that Father, strong man as he was, was shaken, as he hugged Buster closer in the curve of his arm and laid his hand on my head.

"Was'nt she a lovely old lady, Mother?" I asked.

"Yes, my darling", said Mother dropping on her knees to hold me close, "and I believe she was Mary, the Mother of God."





The entrance of the automobile into Oriental countries has resulted in some unique regulations for the control of the traffic in Korea. The following might be suggestive and helpful to some of our authorities who are cudgeling their brains to protect the public adequately.

Rules of the Road—"Safety First."

"1. At the rise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly.

2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of the mouth the warning, "Hai! Hai!"

4. Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode and exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

6. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spoke.

7. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie up.

9. When you met the cow and the horse go silently to the side of the road and wait till he passes away.

The foregoing may be crude but it is a move in the right direction.

The freshman was spending Saturday afternoon on the farm, the home of his best girl and the scenery filled him with romance. They were walking through the pasture when he noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses.

"Such a loving sight," he remarked to the girl, "makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," replied the girl, "It's pa's cow and he won't care."

Mandy Lou—"Wait a minute, Cuticura; I got to go in an buy me a toofbrush and some toofpaste. Dey tells me it's a needcessity to clean youah teef every day."

Cuticura—"Yes, dat's so all right. But dey ain't no needcessity ob buyin' er toofbrush just for dat. Why don't you use youah Missus's toofbrush an' stuff, de same as I does? I ain't one of dese highflutin' kind o' people who's so afraid ob a few germs; is you?"

For unadulterated optimism Cassidy takes the prize. He had just been injured by a blast.

"Poor b'y!" exclaimed O'Connor consolingly. "'Tis tough luck to have yer hand blowed off."

Said Cassidy, "It might have been worse.

"Before you get one," writes S. H., "they are 'those confounded autos'; after you get one they are 'these darn fool pedestrians.' "

Foreman—"Say, Thompson, that man is doing twice as much as you are."

"Sure! I keep tellin' the poor sap, but you can't learn him nothin'."

Father—"Has that young man who is calling on you given you any encouragement, Emily?"

Daughter—"Oh, yes. Last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with."

HERE AND THERE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Teacher—"Why is fish cheaper than meat?"

Miss L.—"Well-er-a-you can catch fish."

Teacher—"Can't you catch a cow?"

Things We would Like To Know,—

What made Mr. Sanborn say to certain 3rd year students, "Now children, put away your microscopes!"

What dietetic class "fed the family" of Senior Administrators?"

Is "Quale" an Irish dish?

Several of the village ladies who attended the "Mikado" have been enquiring as to whether "Yum-Yum" indulges in "promiscuous osculations" when she does not have a fan for an excuse.

Flossie Gay—"You'll never catch me! again going out to dinner with an editor!"

Her friend—"Was he broke?"

Flossie—"I don't know whether he was broke or not; but he put a blue pencil through about half my order."

For unadulterated optimism Cassidy takes the prize. He had just been injured by a blast.

"Poor b'y!" exclaimed O'Connor consolingly. "'Tis tough luck to have yer hand blowed off."

Said Cassidy, "It might have been worse. Suppose Oi'd had me week's wages in it at the time?"

A certain man in the meat business made rabbit sausage.

So much rabbit was sold that after a while he began to adulterate it with horse meat.

His customers found out the adulteration and had him brought before the judge.

The judge asked him how much horse meat he mixed with his rabbit meat.

"Oh, about fifty-fifty," said he.

"What do you mean by fifty-fifty?" asked the judge.

The man replied, "Vun rabbit, and vun horse."

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse, "This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"My department, sir," replied the professor, "consists of arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry."

"That'll do," interrupted the old man, "load him up with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

"I liked that young fellow you were with the other night, so I asked him to dinner this evening," said the hardware merchant to his daughter. "I told him to drop around in his business clothes."

"Oh, father!" said the girl, "he's a swimming instructor."

BOOTS ARE LIKE MEN

Boots have soles; so have men.

Boots sometimes get tight; so do men.

Poor boots are run over; so are men.

Boots will shine if polished; so will a man.

Some boots are imitation calf; so are some men.

Boots are tanned; so are men—in their youth.

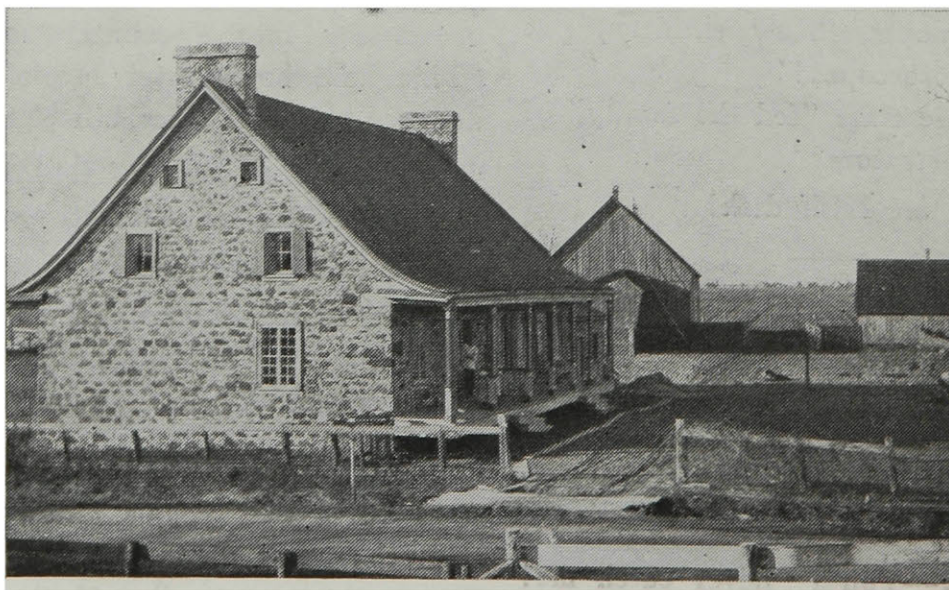
Some boots can't stand water; neither can some men. A boot to be of much account, must have a mate; so must a man. A boot, when well heeled always feels comfortable; so does a man.

JOHNNY'S DIAGNOSIS

"Mother," cried little Mary as she rushed into the farm house, they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal and he *thinks* it's got halitosis."

"When women shop, all the world stands still," said the government clerk in the smoker. "I work in a branch post-office and you would be surprised the way women shop; yes, even for stamps. A woman will come up to the stamp window and say: "I would like to see some nice stamps. Yes, pink if you please, to match my new summer dress. Are you sure the glue on the back won't make me sick? Are these new and clean? How beautiful! All together there is one large lovely sheet. If you will be kind enough to pick me out that nice little pink one in the middle, I won't trouble you any further. There's your two cents and thank you so much. Good-bye."

Someone suggests that the saxophone should be practised on Salisbury Plain. In our opinion, alternative accommodation should be provided in the Sahara Desert.



Autographs

List of Graduates and their Addresses

□ □ □

- † W. H. Brittain, Professor of Entomology and Zoology and Provincial Entomologist, Truro, N. S.
 * F. E. Buck, Professor of Horticulture, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
 † R. P. Gorham, Ass't Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N. B.
 F. S. Grisdale, principal and Agronomist, Agricultural School, Olds, Alta.
 ** F. H. Grindley, General Secretary, C. S. T. A., Box 625, Ottawa, Ont.
 † Robert Innes, Coldbrook, N. S.
 † W. J. Reid, Director of Agricultural Instruction, Dep't of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 † Dr. A. Savage, Professor of Animal Pathology, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.
 † C. M. Spencer, Great North Road, Henderson, New Zealand.
 E. M. Straight, Superintendent, Experimental Station, Saanichon, R. M. D., Victoria, B. C.
 † R. Summerby, Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, Que.
 † C. Sweet, Chief Seed Analyst, 117 Victoria St., Ottawa, Ont.
 † C. Williams, Senior Field Supervisor, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 † G. W. Wood, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

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 † F. A. Brown, Ass't Superintendent Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, Que.
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 * † M. B. Davis, Chief Ass't Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.
 H. B. Durost, Farming, Woodstock, N. S.
 S. M. Fiske, Farming, Martintown, Ont.
 K. M. Fiske, Farming, c/o S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.
 † D. B. Flewelling, Farming, Vancouver, B. C.
 † R. S. Kennedy, Advertising Promotion Manager, Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, Que.
 † E. A. Lods, Extension Agronomist, Macdonald College, Que.
 † R. Newton, Professor of Plant Biochemistry, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 † A. R. Ness, lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 † L. V. Parent, Manager, Co-operative Wool Growers Limited Lennoxville, Que.
 † L. C. Raymond, Ass't Prof. of Agronomy, Macdonald College Que.
 R. Rhoades, Ass't Chief, Poultry Division, Live Stock Branch, Dominion Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 † J. G. Robertson, Live Stock Commissioner, Parliament Buildings, Regina, Sask.
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 † J. A. Simard, District Feed, and

Seed, and Fertilizer Inspector, P. O. Building, Quebec, Que.

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 * † E. M. DuPorte, Lecturer in Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, Que.
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 D. E. Lothian, Canadian Emigration Agent, 116 Union St., Aberdeen, Scotland.
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 † Victor Matthews, Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Scott, Sask.
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 † W. A. Middleton, Horticulture Dep't., University of B. C.
 † G. E. O'Brien, Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers 217 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.
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 † F. N. Savoie, Secretary of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.

CLASS '14.

- E. N. Blondin, County Agricultural Agent, Meade Building, Rutland, Vt., U. S. A.
 C. A. Coffin, (Address Unknown.)
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 P. R. Cowan, Cerealists, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 R. Dougall, 40 Jeppe Street, Pretoria, South Africa.
 * F. L. Drayton, Plant Pathologist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
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 R. R. Heustis, Zoology Dep't., University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
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 † W. L. MacFarlane, Farming, Fox Harbour Point, N. S.
 † G. G. Moe, Assoc-Prof. of Agronomy, University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.
 * G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † W. Newton, Coastal Laboratory, Carmel, Cal., U. S. A.
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(Continued on page 224)



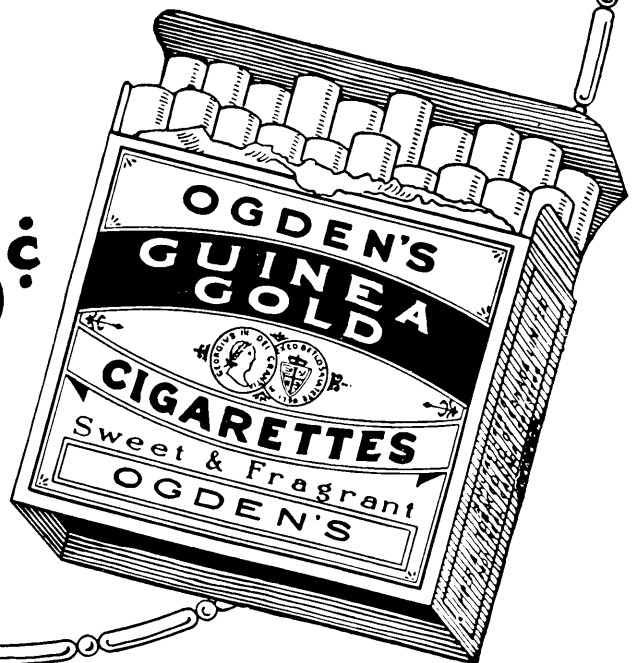
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